

Mrs. Prim and her Son Jim. PRICE 12 1/2 CTS.



BOSTON BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY, 29 CORNHILL.



MRS. PRIM AND HER SON JIM.

THE day was fine, when Mrs. Prim
Her Jimmy dressed with care,
Put on his Sunday clothes and cap,
And neatly brushed his hair.

“Now, Jimmy, dear, I pray you haste
Unto the neighboring town,
And see if Madame A La Mode
Has finished my new gown.

“And, Jimmy, dear, be sure you do
Not loiter on the way,
Nor stop to talk with idle boys,
Or join them in their play.”



Young Jimmy promised all she asked,
And left his mother's door,
And trudged along the well-known road
He'd often been before.

At length he reached a farmer's gate,
At which a horse was tied;
Said Jim, "This is a happy fate;
I think I'll take a ride."

Then quick he tried to scramble up;
But, sorrowful to say,
Before the saddle he could reach,
His best cap blew away.







So off he got, and gained his cap;
And, being fairly down,
He thought he'd try no more to ride,
But walk away to town.

But much it grieved him that the horse
Should at the gate stand idle,
When he upon his back might ride,
And hold the whip and bridle.

While jogging on, a man he met,
Who, seeing him look sad,
His wagon stopped, and kindly asked,
"What ails you, little lad?"



Now, Jimmy had a wicked thought,
Soon as the man he spied ;
“This man, perhaps, could put me on ;
Then nicely I should ride.”

So, when the stranger's words he heard,
Jim quick and bold replied,
“I cannot mount upon my horse,
Who at the gate is tied.”

The man sprang out, and went with Jim
To where the horse was tied ;
Upon the saddle seated him,
And bade him careful ride.







Jim thanked the traveller, bade good-bye,
And trotted on his way ;
But briskly though he galloped off,
His heart was far from gay

For well he knew he'd acted wrong ;
The horse was not his own,
And much he wished he'd left him tied,
And still was walking on.

The horse, who did not like such tricks,
Now started from the track,
And pranced, and ran, as if he knew
A thief was on his back.



And round he turned, and galloped back,
Straight to his master's gate,
While Jim in vain the bridle pulled,
And mourned his hapless fate.

Soon as the horse had reached the spot,
He sudden turned around,
Kicked up his heels, and Master Jim
Lay sprawling on the ground.

And on the ground he sat and cried,
Repenting, now too late,
That wishing a strange horse to ride,
Had brought him to this fate.







Now, at her home, poor Mrs. Prim
Had passed a lonely day,
And wondered much what kept her Jim
So long upon the way.

Oft from her door she anxious looked,
Her darling to espy,
And gazing thus, she saw a man
And horse approaching nigh.

Urged by her fears, the man she asked
If he her Jim had seen;
But all in vain, for he, alas!
On other roads had been



But still she gazed, and soon she saw
A wagon come that way,
And on a pillow, stretched at length,
Her darling Jimmy lay.

Forward she ran — she gained the spot —
And “Does he live?” she cries.
“O, yes, he lives, but, tired and faint,
Sweet sleep has closed his eyes.”

Now, quick poor Jim was laid in bed,
And, freed from mud and dirt,
He soon revived, when all perceived
He’d been more scared than hurt.

But sorry for his fault was Jim,
And much did it deplore,
And promised o’er and o’er again
NEVER TO DO SO MORE.

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